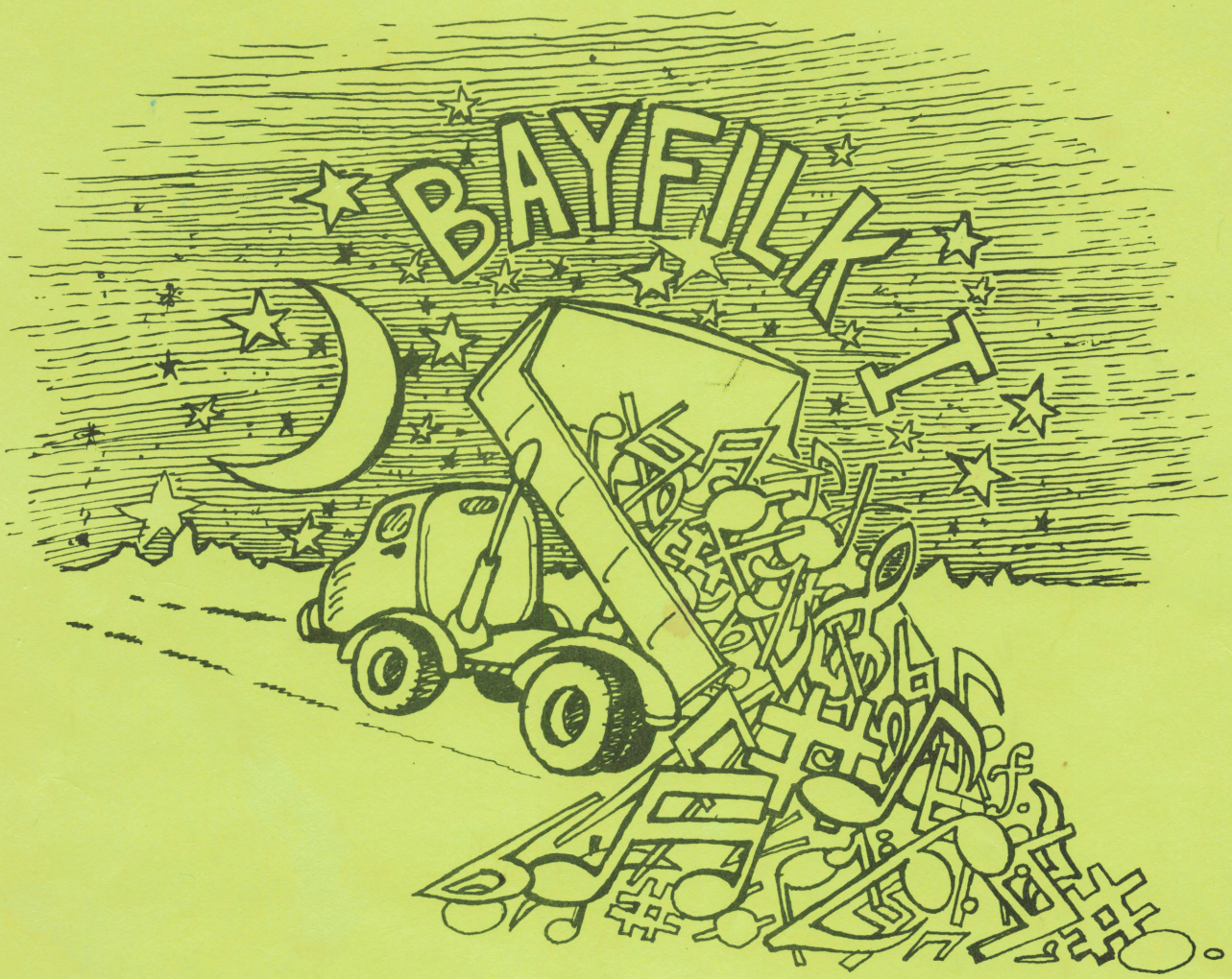

BAYFILK 1

not so

INSTANT SONGBOOK

PREFACE

Well, we're finally done with Bayfilk 1. The last singers flew away long ago, the last hotel bills have been paid, and, at last!, the last page of the last song has finally been printed for the --ahem-- Instant Songbook.

We chalked up over a hundred attending memberships to Bayfilk, which makes it clearly the largest filkcon to date. We had Margaret Middleton as Guest of Honor, of course, but we also snared Leslie Fish as special guest, so Midwestern filkers and filk styles were well represented. We had filkers from all over California, and from as far away as Edmonton, Alberta. Now we've even got a book.

The book, of course, is the Bayfilk I Instant Songbook. The notion of Instant Songbooks started with Eric Gerdes and Chris Weber at Denvention, when they found out that each con member got 100 pages of free mimeo. They collected songs from everyone at the filksing one night and had them run off, and during breaks in the singing, we each collated our own instant songbook. The Bayfilk Jello Bowl (as the Concom dubbed itself) thought this was such a good idea that we decided to try something similar at Bayfilk 1. We decided that it would be impossible to print the songbook the same weekend as the con -- running a con and a printing press simultaneously being beyond even the most talented of us. We were going to print the weekend after the convention and mail the Instant Songbook out right after that.

We never had a chance. Off Centaur flew Margaret Middleton out the week before the convention, courtesy of one of those screwy air fares, so she could do some sightseeing and some studio singing. So we hosted her and made con preparatins, and never touched the few songs that had come in in advance. The weekend of the con we got a bunch of songs, but didn't have time to read them, much less print them. We spent the weekend after the con taping Leslie Fish -- and the following week -- and the next weekend, too. The lady has a lotta songs. We were also all fighting the nasty virus known as the Bayfilk Crud, and someone suggested we rename Bayfilk to Plague-con I. Fortunately for our peace of mind the rest of the state came down with it in the following weeks, too, so it wasn't just us. Leslie was immune; she kept chanting," Chicago had it first, Chicago had it first."

All good things must end, though, and at last Leslie departed for Chicago. We had twenty-odd pages of songs and were ready to print. At that point, Cathy Cook, songleader extraordinaire and pregnant lady, decided to have her baby. Or rather, the baby decided that this was the time to make her debute. Most of the Jello Bowl spent its first free week-end scrubbing and painting two rooms of Cathy's house, while she was laboring to produce Robyn Elisabeth Cook. (6lbs, 10.5oz, red hair, blue eyes, and can't carry a tune: a true filker.)

After that, it only took us most of April to recover from the excitement. We lost a few weeks and a lot of hair learning to use our new offset press, what with our expert printer busy packing to leave for Iceland. At long last, though, here is the Bayfilk 1 Not so Instant Songbook. Not everything we got is in here -- rule of thumb was 2 songs per person, max -- but we didn't edit much, either. We hope you enjoy the songs and spread them around.

For the puzzled folks who are getting this even though you didn't attend Bayfilk: Due to the generosity of Margaret Middleton and the Filk Foundation, all members of the Filk Foundation became supporting members of Bayfilk 1. This entitles you to:

A Bayfilk Program Book and Crib Sheet with a discount flyer for tapes. Just send it in, and don't pay any attention to the date on it.

A Bayfilk 1 Not so Instant Songbook.

A Bayfilk 1 membership button top. This should arrive with your next issue of Kantele. However, it is up to you to find Margaret at a convention, and have her make it into a real button.

Hope you enjoy the goodies.

The Off-Centaur Crew

The BAYFILK I not so INSTANT SONGBOOK

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i'm a Carl Sagan Groupie

©1981

by amyellen Leib & Fang van Cook

i'm a Carl Sagan groupie
re-run "Cosmos" 'til i die
i'm a real live billionth of his
universe
i look every night to the sky

i've a penchant for C. Sagan
he's my universal beau
Carl Sagan went on T.V.
to inform the masses
i love that Carl Sagan show

sung to the tune of "I'm a Yankee
Doodle Dandy"

© 1981

S.J. F-E.

by amyellen Leib (sung to the tune of Strawberry Fields)
© 1981

Let me tell you all
'Bout Denvention II
Strawberry Gel
Everything's swell!
Something to get sung about
Strawberry Jell-o forever

It was the last day
And all was quite slow
I mean, we all were high or low
No lime was to be had
And so the choice was red
I mean, that didn't seem so bad

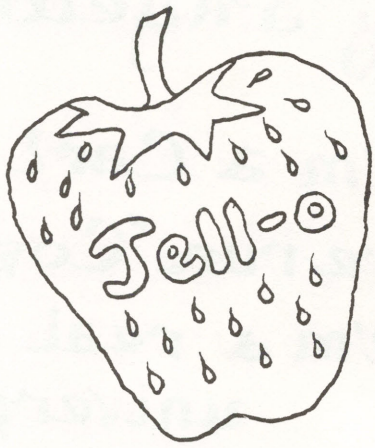
Let me take you 'round
On the Jell-o trail
Strawberry Gel
Hilton hotel
Nothing in the movie rooms
Strawberry Jell-o forever

Thirty-five gallons
Of Jell-o to stew
I mean, a bathtub full of brew
It's getting hard in pla-
Ces but we will drink it down
The Con was ended in this way

Let me help you all
To imagine this:
Strawberry Gel
Drunk by poor Nell*
Ten cups of it she put away
Strawberry Jell-o forever

Vodka was added-
A quart, so I hear
I mean, we didn't want more beer
You couldn't taste it, though
Which didn't matter much
I mean, t'was welcome even so

Let me say right now
That the rules were kept
Strawberry Gel
Oh, what the hell
Peace-bonded on the cart, it was
Strawberry Jell-o forever



Mezzanine up to
The fifth floor
I mean, we found an open door
And other floors were hit
The Con-suites got their bit
I mean, they had a chance at it

Let me tell you all
That this story's true
Strawberry Gel
Kept us quite well
Thirty gallons still remain
Strawberry Jell-o forever

* Rumour has it that Jerry was at Denvention II, however, there are no substantiating reports that he partook of the infamous aforementioned.

I Surely Would (El Condor Pasa)

Donna Banzhof

June 81

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I'd like to escape this cold earth bound jail

Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would

To ride the solar winds on fragile sail

Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would

Away, I'd like to warp away

To outer space

And lead my race

Mankind must not be tied to earth

Among the stars

He'll find rebirth

He'll find rebirth

I'd like to feel strange worlds beneath my feet

Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would

And find new beings that mankind could greet

Yes I would, if I only could, I surely would....I would....

R A D I A T I O N

LYRICS: Mark Yturralde

MUSIC:Dr. Pepper Theme

© Copyright 1981

I drink radiation don't you know
It's the original taste that makes me glow
And if you look around you these days
There seems to be a radiation haze

refrain Oh, I'm a mutant, she's a mutant, he's a mutant
We're all mutants
Wouldn't you like to be a mutant too

They say that it's perfectly safe
But my son was born without a face
All he does is sit around these days
Singing 'bout the radiation craze

refrain:

Be a mutant drink radiation
Be a mutant drink radiation , oh yeah!

THE MAGE WHO LOST HIS GLASSES
by Lori Armbruster

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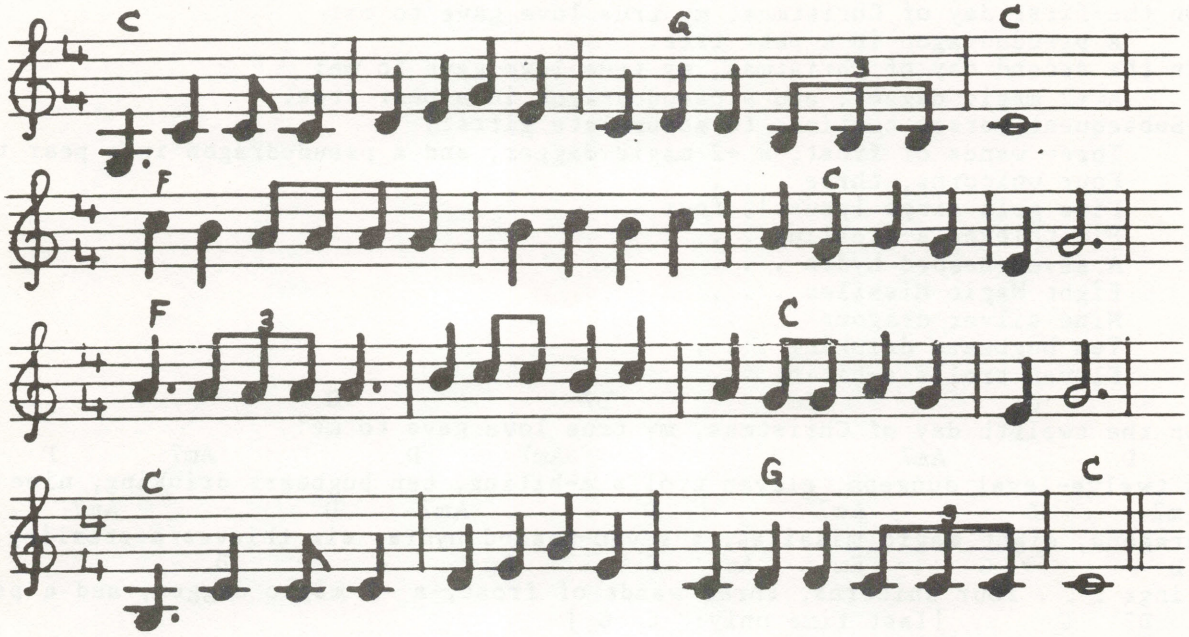

C G C
A Mage once lost his glasses, as he explored an unknown cave.
F C
He was trav'ling with a Cleric and a Paladin bold and brave.
F C
They met with Trolls, he studied his scrolls, he blurrily pointed his stave;
G C
The Cleric, he was blown away; the Paladin managed to save.

The Mage then lost his glasses as he journeyed a sinister land.
He was with the very same Paladin and a mighty Dwarvish band.
They met with Gnolls, he grabbed his scrolls, the words he tried to scan;
The Paladin spent the battle fighting Bigby's Crushing Hand.

The Mage soon lost his glasses as the Dwarves followed a stream.
He tried to avoid the Paladin, whose eyes had a deadly gleam.
They saw Uruk-hai, he squinted an eye, he tried to read the spell;
He knew he was in trouble when the Paladin blipped to Hell.

The Mage again dropped his glasses, as he climbed a rather steep hill.
He was being chased by the Paladin, who swore the Mage to kill.
He grabbed his book, attempting to look, to shout a particular cry;
The Paladin then lost him as he polymorphed to a fly!

The Mage was without his glasses as he walked a lonely street.
He was challenged by the Paladin, who said, "At last, we meet!"
Paladin laughed in derision, for he knew the Mage's vision,
As the Mage grabbed a scroll in defense —
The Paladin was blown away, for the Mage wore contact lense!

THE TWELVE DAYS OF FRP
by James Gilly

[tune: The Twelve Days of Christmas -- traditional]

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me:
A pseudodragon in a pear tree.
On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me:
A +2 magic dagger, and a pseudodragon in a pear tree.
[Subsequent verses continue to accumulate gifts:]
Three wands of frost, a +2 magic dagger, and a pseudodragon in a pear tree.
Four unicorns, three . . .
Five gold rings [pause], four . . .
Six thieves a-stealing . . .
A seven-headed hydra . . .
Eight Magic Missiles . . .
Nine silver dragons . . .
Ten bugbears drinking . . .
Eleven trolls a-biting . . .

```
        G              Em            D7                G
On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me:
    D            Am7        D              Am7       D              Am7        D
A twelve-level dungeon, eleven trolls a-biting, ten bugbears drinking, nine silver
Am7        D            Am7           D            Am7      D              Am7        G    Em A7
dragons, eight magic missiles, a seven-headed hydra, six thieves a-stealing, five golden
 D            G        Em     Am     C         Em       A          D                  C        G
rings . . . four unicorns, three wands of frost, a +2 magic dagger, and a pseudodragon in
   D7   G        [last time only:  C  G ]
a pear tree.
```

THE SLAYING OF THE REMORHAZ
by Corey Cole

[tune: The Wearing of the Green -- traditional]

```
            D                                A
Now, I'll sing you of the slaying of the evil Remorhaz,
    G            D              G       D  G  D
And how he was defeated by the Uzbek dungeoneers.
```

There was Bladgreth, the Fighter, and Arzak, F-MU,
A brash young Bard named Alan, and the Mage named Manfred, too.

We set out from the city of the ancient Golden Lord
With tokens of his friendship, and a mighty magic sword.

O'er hill and dale, across the land, we foolish ones did go;
Cautiously we made our way across the icy floe.

We found the creature sleeping, all in its evil lair;
It'd had for lunch a settlement, that once rose proud and fair.

Now we fighters all drank potions, that as heroes we could fight;
We feared that we would never see another morning's light.

With sharpened swords, we swung at it, and stabbed with poison'd knives,
Well knowing if it woke from sleep, that it would mean our lives.

Then the bracelet that the Mage had on, it glowed an eerie black
And forced him on, to run and jump upon the creature's back.

Though fire and flames surrounded him, he could feel no pain --
The bracelet that directed him, safe kept him from the flame.

He grabbed the monster by the horns, ignored the fearful heat;
With one great wrench, he snapped its neck, and thus did it defeat!

All young fighters would be heroes, so far away from home;
But the wily Mage just wants to win, and slays beasts all alone.

INTRODUCTION:
(To be done in 1940s radio announcer style. No music, though siren imitations and other appropriate sound effects on the kazoo would be nice in moderation.)

Calling all cars! Calling all cars!
Be on the look-out for
A horror that writhed from between the burnt-out stars
That dying nebulae bore.
Partly squamose, partly rugose, partly dextrose,
You will know it by:
The following scars or unusual characteristics:
A three-lobed burning eye.
This being is known to be armed -- or tentacled --
And dangerous; approach with care.
Wanted in five states for "Reducing to a
Putrescent Slime". Beware!
If apprehended, let us know at once, and call
Upon the Elder Gods, and make out your reports
In triplicate. That is all.

LITTLE CTHULU
(tune: the Little Lulu animated cartoon theme)

Little Cthulu, little Cthulu,
with tentacles on your chin,
Always just outside of space-time
and trying to get in,
Causing eldritch visions in the
dead of the night,
Shambling from your tomb in R'lyeh
just to give us a fright;
Well, we thought we'd wiped your
cult out,
But it's back, or else its twin:
Looks like Cthulu's been
Recruiting once again!
Though throughout these arcane eons
we've been sorry that you came,
Little Cthulu, we love you-lu
just the same.

NOTES:
I found the last line of this song on a color version of Alva Rogers' drawing for "The Call of Cthulu" that was hanging on a wall of Forrest J Akerman's home in about 1958. Where else? National Lampoon printed the words to the Little Lulu theme in their Letters From the Editors column a few years ago, after which it was but the work of a moment to recall and finish the verse. The introduction was done after crash-reading the Cthulu mythos in near-entirity (loaned to me by Tom Whitmore when it was mostly out of print) and then seeing The Night Stalker. Shoggoths have a terrible time with guitar chords, being made of gelatinous green...hmmmm. I think there's a filk-song in there.

Don Simpson 1982 (for Bayfilk I)

CABIN FEVER
Lyrics: Georgia Barnes & Kathleen MacDonald (with assistance from Leslie Fish & Raven)
Tune: Daisy
© Copyright March 1982

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
Yes, I'm crazy - after a day of you.
One Vulcan, one Rom, two Terrans,
A neuter Andorian too.
A day and a half, broken john, no bath,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
As'troids, ion storms, one red alert or two.
A firepot and the Rom's knives,
Fat grass and holo cubes.
We all rushed in, the scene was grim,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
Five different psychics, what are we gonna do?
Jonesy's broadcasts were horny,
And were caught by all the crew.
And even Kirk was caught in the quirk,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
Riding out the ion storm,
"just for an hour or two."
Then when the all-clear sounded,
The door was stuck like glue.
To our distress, we're low on the list,
Five in a room for two.

Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch
Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
Choosing bed space,
Who's gonna sleep with who?
There's only two beds put in here,
Divide up 5 by 2.
Two terries in one, the neuter alone,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
The Rom kept pacing,
kicked over the blue kid's brood.
While everyone was sleeping,
The guinea pigs came creeping.
A couple of them developed a yen,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
The Rom is freaking, what are we gonna do?
We threw her in the bathroom,
The Vulcan ran in there too.
Cece maintained her air of disdain,
Five in a room for two.

Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch
Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
The Vulcan's plotting murder,
So Jonesy dialed for food.
The brownies were more than potent,
Green flecks strewn thru and thru.
Three aliens stoned, two terries alone,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
Smashed on brownies and strong Andorian brew.
Shrenn hopped in bed with Jonesy,
While Cecily bounced and flew.
Right about then the door opened,
Five in a room for two.

Crazy, Crazy, five in a room for two
Cecily hit the Captain,
What else could the poor guy do?
By now the whole crew was horny,
The Vulcan's caught it too.
The dock was unmanned,
The Romulan scrammed,
Five in a room for two.

(slowly fading)

Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch
Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch
Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch

(spoken over final crunches)

Captain's log, supplemental:
Thank God we're only two days from Argo.

Based on a story (og the same name) by:
Georgia Barnes, Leslie Fish, Raven Laubenheimer, Kathleen MacDonald and Kathy Gerberick
[The Infamous Bayfilk Five]

ZOLENA

Words : Evelyn Turner & Friends
Music: El Paso

Out in the Tatooine town of Mos Eisley.
I fell in love with an alien thing.
Nighttime found me in the spaceport cantina
Strange music played and Zolena would sing.

Redder than flame was the eye of Zolena,
Three meters long were her nose and her tail.
My love was deep for this alien creature
I was in love, but I knew I would fail

One night a Correllian pirate came in,
Wild as the Tatooine wind.
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing,
With wicked Zolena, the thing that I loved.

So in anger
I challenged his right for the love of this creature
Dwon went his hand for the blaster he wore.
My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat,
The handsome young pilot lay dead on the floor.

I blasted my way through the back of the bar,
Out where the land speeders lay.
Hotwired a good one, set it on Fast Run.
Dodged blaster fire as I zoomed away.

Just as fast as
I quit from the Tatooine town of Mosa Eisley
Out to the desert for almost a year.
Dodging sandpeople and trading with Jawas,
But my love of Zolena was grater than fear.

I fueled up my speeder and off I did go,
Flying alone in the dark.
Maybe tomorrow as blaster will find me,
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.

And at last here
I am on the hill overlooking Mos Eisley,
I see the spaceport cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward,
Down off the hill to Zolena I go.

Off to my right I see seven Stormtroopers
Off to the left stand a dozen or more.
Dodging and blasting, I can't let them catch me,
I must fly without fail to the Cantina door.

My speeder is damaged, I crash to the ground.
I pull myself free of the wreck.
I see the Stormtroopers aiming their blasters,
I feel a burning like fire in my neck.

As I lay there
From out of nowhere, Zolena has found me
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by eight loving arms that I'll die for,
One final kiss and Zolena, good-bye

SCIENCE FICTION FAN

Words: Nathaniel Hellerstein
Tune: Jingle Bells, "with a bit of filkish syncopation"

Chorus: Hey!
I'm a science fiction fan. SF all the way.
Call it skiffy if you must but give me some today.

Philosophy is dull. Religion even more.
Old fashioned speculations, they are nothing but a bore.
If you like to guess the place of the future human race
Try some science fiction visions. They will blast you into space!

Chorus:

The pundits are perplexed. Their plans have all been hexed.
With dramatic global changes they don't know what's coming next.
The future is obscure. It follows no known plan.
But it's gotta be goddamn' strange to shock an SF fan!

Chorus:

They say we're lost in dreams, well, that's just what they feel.
And me, I think the lives they lead are equally unreal.
The universe is vast, and the future's always free.
And we all know our fictions can become reality!

Chorus:

SUPERMAN IS FRAGILE, HE'S GOT MONONUCLEOSIS

Words: Rick Kotrben (?sp) Tune: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis
Contact with red kryptonite's the doctor's diagnosis
Now he's taking drugs and pills in Supermanic doses
Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis

Lex Luthor found some kryptonite in some deserted ditch.
Our hero flew on past his house and felt a sudden twitch.
It didn't take him very long to overcome his fright.
He's kissing every woman in Metropolis tonight.

Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis
Its another problem he can add to his neuroses
When he flies around now he infects whoever's closest.
Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis

When Lois Lane arrived at work (and promptly for a change)
She found that Clark Kent was inside and looking rather strange.
That something had come over him there simply was no doubt.
He pulled her in the storeroom and they started making out.

Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis
If that wasn't bad enough, his kisses are ferocious
'Cause he's got an awful case of latent halitosis
Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis

When Perry White was working late and hungry for a treat
He said to Jimmy Olsen, "Let's go get a bite to eat."
When they encountered Superman when they went out to sup
They knew he was bananas 'cause he quickly puckered up.

Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis
Now the way he's fighting crime is really quite atrocious
Kissing all the villains gives them quite a bad psychosis
Superman is fragile; he's got mononucleosis

WHEN OPPOSITES UNITE

Words: Nathaniel Hellerstein Tune: Ballad of Inverness

Four and twenty opposites, they went to Inverness,
And when it all was over there were four and twenty less.

Chorus: Have a ball with your partner
Back to the wall.
If you've never been made on a Saturday night,
You've never been made at all.

The World and the Watcher, they were raising quite a row.
Their fields soon were unified, but nobody knows how.
("Smile, you're on Candid Camera")
The Questions and the Answers -- would their follies ever end?
For every time an Answer came, a Question rose again.

Chorus:

Now, Space and Time were very fine; they truly made the night,
For their fixin' turned to mixin' when they reached the speed of light.
("Gosh, that was quick.")
The Local and the Global, you could see them here and there:
Right here they're interacting, 'cause the here is everywhere.

Chorus:

Position and Momentum, they would fill you full of doubt.
When one was concentrating, then the other was spread out.
("Just no predicting those two.")
Well, true and false could really waltz; they sure were in the groove.
You really don't know dancing if you haven't seen them move.

Chorus:

Reality and Fantasy were truly hot to trot.
We tried to separate them, but we knew that we could not.
("I never dreamed it would be like this")
Oh, Yes and No were on the go. They sparkled like a gem.
Their search was not exhaustive, but it sure exhausted them.

Chorus:

A toast to Self and Other, for they had the greatest fun.
They dove into each other and they merged right into one.
("Why are you looking at me like that?")
Well, Life and Death will catch your breath, so don't be so upset.
If you think the show is over then you ain't seen nothing yet.

Chorus:

Well, now the song is over, but it's also just begun.
If you can solve the riddle, even you can join the fun!

THE BALLAD OF BAYFILK I

Words and Music: Leslie Fish

Cho: Bayfilk crazies! How can you lose?
Waltz-time, march-time, what will you choose?
We've got 100 voices, 16 guitars here
2 autoharps, and god knows how many kazoos.

Out by Frisco, I hear folks say,
Sci-Fi folksingers thrive 'round the Bay.
The only place weirder is down in LA
Nobody bats an eye,out here where the UFO's fly.

Cho:

See them gather at the target hotel.
See all the cops there running like hell.
Guitars and rayguns mix rather well
If you keep mundanes away, so clear out this side of the Bay

Cho:

Singing, playing, parties all night.
Start up again by dawn's early light.
Hotel detectives give up and take flight
But don't go near the bar....'cause Darth Vader's playing guitar.

Cho:

FEW HOURS

Words: David Bratman
Music:"Few Days" Leslie Fish

I can't stay in this filksing long, few hours, few hours.
I can't stay in this filksing long, and I am going to sleep.

I'll stay for one song if it's short, few hours, few hours,
It's 40 verses at last report, and I am going to sleep.

I'll sit myself in this here chair,....
I'm sorry if I squashed your hair,....

From sun to sun I'm made to tread,....
The filksing room my only bed,....

An opera crew was singing here,....
They all went off to get some beer,....

I,ve just discovered a new sound,....
I read my songbook upside down,....

You say your capo's band did snap,....
So that's what landed in my lap,....

Oh please excuse the way I squint,....
I'm trying to read the microprint,....

I like to hear a good guitar,....
But playing Segovia's going too far,....

Filk is a duty we can't shirk,....
It's 5 a.m., we're still at work,....

I've found another brand new sound,....
I sing while sleeping on the ground,....

To filk is nature's greatest joy,....
And if you believe that, then, oh boy,....

I can't stay in this filksing long, few hours, few hours.
I can't stay in this filksing long, and I am going to sleep.

Expansion kit for Poul Anderson's "TRANSPORTEERS"

Words: Nick Smith
Music: When Johnny comes marching home.

Bob Heinlein was a transporteer, he was, he was
No gas, a flat, and a highway toll
Made him decide that the roads should roll
And it's bravo, bravo, hurrah for the transporteers (Roads must roll)

Zelazny was a transporteer, he was, he was
His pick-up truck was severely slowed
'Cause changing history's a heavy load
And it's bravo, bravo, hurrah for the transporteers (Roadmarks)

Ol' Niven was a transporteer, he was, he was
His teleporter was such a smash
The crowds applauded him with a flash
And it's bravo, bravo, hurrah for the transporteers (Flash Crowd)

Poul Anderson was a transporteer, he was,he was
An FTL he did not allow
But reached the end with a zero tau
And it's bravo, bravo, hurrah for the transporteers (Tau Zero)

James Blish he was a transporteer, he was, he was
He saw man's future up in the sky
Now you'll believe that New York can fly
And it's bravo, bravo, hurrah for the transporteers (Cities in Flight)

IT'S ALL OUR FAULT

Lyrics: Copyright 1981 by Paul J. Willett
Music: Space is Dark by Bill Roper

The aliens came from deep, dark space to save humanity
All our problems they would solve, all without a fee.
The starlanes they would give us, we'd roam the galaxy
No more would humans have to live in strife or poverty.

But then they left us on our own to suffer as before
From space they sent a message, warning us of war.
If we should ever follow their stellar sails like silk.
When asked what caused this sudden change, they only said, "You filk!"

Filk is dark and filk is deep
And the price we've paid is none to steep
Though we've sung at many a con
We're still outcasts, frowned upon
And the scars we bear can't justify
All the gifts we sent back to the sky.

Note: The idea for this filksong came after a particularly horrific rendition of what should have been a beautiful filksong.

Note: Permission is given for small-scale, noncommercial distribution within fandom provided credit is given.

RONALD-REAGAN-CARL-SAGAN-SAN-DIEGAN PAGAN BLUES

Lyrics: Copyright 1982 by Paul J. Willett
Music: The Richter Scale

Signing up for graduate school turned out to be an ordeal.
Forms and cards and questionairres, each one of them some big deal.
When finally the last form I saw I got a tad irate.
My religous preference they wanted me to state.

I am a Ronald-Reagan-Carl-Sagan-San-Diegan Pagan.
Every other Tuesday though, I worship Israel's Begin.
My sect is quite a singular one, my feelings are devout.
I want my group known 'round the school, I want to have some clout.

This response was new to them, it put them in a dither,
Bureaucrats went scurrying round, running yon and hither.
Finally came the section head to look into the row,
Came to me and made her stand, she said she wished to know,

"Are you a Ronald-Reagan-Carl-Sagan-San-Diegan Pagan?
Who every other Tuesday night will worship Israel's Begin?
Have you gone mad? Have you gone nuts? Could you have had a fit?
I'm sending you upstairs to see my boss. Be done with it!"

And so I went to see the man in charge of registration.
When I got done he started typing up his resignation.
His final words to me before he tortally lost his mind
Were, "We'll all be doomed if we don't stop perversions of your kind."

"You are a Ronald-Reagan-Carl-Sagan-San-Diegan Pagan.
You hold a service twice a month to worship Israel's Begin.
This situation I can't judge, it just might be obscene,
All I can do with this case now is send it to the Dean."

And so I worked my way up through the bureaucratic system.
At every stage their system crashed as my religion blitzed 'em.
Advisors, deans, and chancellors all saw their plans break down,
Till at last I hit the top and met with Jerry Brown.

"So you're the Ronald-Reagan-Carl-Sagan-San-Diegan Pagan!
Why do you meet once in a while to worship Israel's Begin?
Why can't you be a normal man and join a normal sect?
Like TM, Zen, the Druids, scientology, or Est?"

Just then a great disster struck and forced my church to co-llapse.
Earthquakes took our San Diego, wiping it from the maps.
Sagan's "Cosmos" royalties caused him to lose his head.
Reagan became senile, so I think my gods are dead.

(SPOKEN: But now....)

I"m into Mister-Magoo-R2D2-Do-As-I-Do Voodoo,
Every week we have a meeting where we praise C'thulu.
They found no problems with that when I went to re-apply.
I'm in the program even though I can't determine why!

Note: Permission given for small-scale, noncommercial distribution within fandom, provided credit is given.

THE ROAD TO THE FUTURE

Words & Music: Copyright 1981 by Paul J. Willet

When I was a younger man I dreamed of the stars!
I longed for the lunar plains, for the red sands of Mars.
But now I see cutbacks where our spirits once soared.
Could it be that some people are bored?
I want to believe that our vision is right.
And I know we can reach for the stars in the night!
But if we don't start soon it may be too late.
The road to the future won't wait.

The stars burn so bright and clear above Terra's skies.
Man always has watched them there and he asked himself, "Why?"
Questions for answers has brought us so far.
If we wish we can go to the stars!
The fight that we wage now will decide our way;
We can grow and survive or we'll die and decay.
If life, then we're spacebound, so look to the stars.
The road to the future is ours!

ON KRYPTON II

WORDS: C.McQuillin
TUNE: On Broadway

Jorel was right and you were wrong
On Krypton
The planet went and blew itself away!
I made that final trip to earth,
Now they all wonder what I'm worth
For there will be no other birth
On Krypton

Stometimes I wonder what like was like
On Krypton
But I'm too busy to wonder all the time.
Here I'm somewhat above par
No time to waste for a superstar
Jorel's son has sure come far
From Krypton

There were no girls like Lois Lane
On Krypton
She doesn't know that I'm alive as Kent
But when I strip off my shirt and tie
And we go for a super flight
Then everything will be alright
Like Krypton

Oh my God! there's someone here
From Krypton
It's General Zod and he's brought Ursa and Non
Thery're gonna tear the world apart
Cause none of them has got a heart
I lost my powers, that wasn't smart
Like Krypton

I got my powers back again
From Krypton
But will it be enough to save the earth?
There're three of them and I'm only one
They'll tear the city up just for fun
But super brains can still beat Brawn
From Krypton.

MOS EISLEY SPACE PORT
WORDS: C.McQuillin
TUNE: Copacabana

His name was Obi
He was a jedi
With a saber made of light
Well that man could really fight
He used the force and telekinisis
He left Luke in a bar
But he didn't go too far
It was a crowded floor
Aliens by the score
But Luke was young and he had Kenobi
Who could ask for more?
At Mos Eisley, Mos Eisley Spaceport
Rebellion and Passion,
Were always the fashion
at Mos Eisley.....They flaunt the Law

There was an Alien
And he was Hostile
He stood 'about Six foot Four
And his temper it was poor
He bullied Luke and threatened to kill him
But Kenobi crossed the bar
And the alien lost his arm
Upon the crowded Floor
I guess that settled his score
Luke was stuned by what he saw there
He was feeling Poor
At Mos Eisley, Mos Eisley Spaceport
Rebellion and Passion
Were always the passion
At Mos Eisley.....He used the Force

His name was Solo
He was a pirate
With a spaceship that was fast
And some luck that couldn't last
He sold them passage upon the Falcon
After they had left the Bar
Well he didn't get too far
When Greedo crossed the floor
To settle Jabba's score
He wouldn't leave so Han had to blast him
Right there on the floor
At Mos Eisley, Mos Eisley Spaceport
Rebellion and Passion
Were always the Fashion
At Mos Eisley.....They flaunt the Law.

STAR WARS/EMPIRE MARCHING SONG

WORDS: C.McQuillin & J. Wayne
TUNE: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Darth Vader marches one by one Hurrah! Hurrah!
Darth Vader marches one by one Hurrah! Hurrah!
Darth Vader marches one by one
Searching the stars for his long lost son.
But Luke defies him,
And fights whenever he can.

The droids come marching two by two.....
They're the only ones who will make it through.
The droids are clever,
They hide where ever they can.

The heroes they march three by three.....
Trying to set the princess free
We lost Kenobi
But the rest escaped with Han

The aliens come four by four.....
With Chewy and Yoda and Greedo and more
And Boba Fett who
Finally got his man.

The Jedi Knights came five by five.....
But very few are still alive.
The force they followed
Failed before one man.

Ship commanders come six by six.....
If they make as mistake then they're in a fix
When you cross Darth Vader
You die at his command.

The Empire Troops come seven by seven.....
They've sent a lot of Rebels to heaven.
But Vader tells them
To search for Luke and Han.

The rebel troops come eight by eight.....
They have lots of heart but are often late.
When they're discovered
They regroup where ever they can.

The special effects come nine by nine.....
I hope they have a plot next time.
If there's a story
They hide it wherever they can.

The sequels they come ten by ten.....
It's time to go stand in a line again.
When they re-release them
Queue up wherever you can.

MIRANDA

WORDS & MUSIC: Karen Willson
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The summer sun walks softly in a place Miranda's been,
And I hear her voice calling me, in the darkenss of the glen
And God knows she is a memory, I see my brother cut her down.
But how can you fight a ghost, how can you fight a ghost?
That runs like a wild thing, runs like a wild thing.
In the sun.

Miranda she comes calling, sayin', "I take what is mine.
And the price of my silence, you Jason, be your life."
And God knows she is a memory, born on a summers raid at night,
But how can you fight a ghost, how can you fight a ghost,
A child of the goddess?
That runs like a wild thing, runs like a wild thing
For my life.

So I run for home still shaking, for the Devil's bride I seen
And I break me brothers timber door, from the latches bright and clean
And on the cold, stone floor a layin' with the dagger in his hand,
Is my dead brother Jacob, dead brother Jacob, (pause)
And with him, Miranda stands.

Oh, mv Scotland can ye hide me in your river, lakes and moors,
For a ghost wind is a following me, and its Jacobs voice I'm sure,
Oh god, for a little gold and silver and Miranda's blood I'll pay,
For how can I fight a ghost, how can I fight a ghost,
With my brother right beside her

I'll let Miranda take me, let Miranda take me,
Take my life.

Optional
For how can I fight a ghost, how can I fight a ghost
That runs like a wild thing, runs like a wild thing,
For my life.....

THE PROGRAMER'S ALPHABET

WORDS: Stephen Savitzky
TUNE: Sweet Betsy from Pike

A is for ASCII, our Alphabet's name
B is for Bugs, for which we get the blame.
C is the Computer, which never works right, and
D is Debugging, the rest of the night.

Programming, programming, all throught the night,
We're stuck here until our new program works right.
Programming, programming, isn't it fun?
The maintainance starts when debugging is done!

E is the Elegant problems we're set
F is old Fortran we try to Forget.
G is the GOTO we're trying to kill, and
H is the Hacker who uses it still.

I is the input we handle with Care
J is the Jump to nobody knows where.
K is the Kludge with which we got by, and
L is for Later to fix it we'll try.

M is Memory, dropping a bit,
N is New version, that doesn't quite fit.
O is the Op'rating system we buy, and
P is the Patch to make our programs fly.

Q is for QWERTY, of typewriter lore,
R is the RAM that we used to call core.
S is the Standard we'll follow some day, and
T is the Teletype, banging away.

U is the User, that Unhappy man,
V is the Vengence he wreaks when he can.
W is Work, it's the manager's call, and
X is the Xerox machine down the hall.

Y is the Yes you reply by mistake, and
Z is the Zeros all over your tape.
There may be more verses they wanted to send,
But they've all gotten clobbered, so this is the end.

*EOF

FREEWAY FILKERS

WORDS: Eric, Teri, Chris,Curtis, Jamie, William, Rilla,Rebecca, Carol,Barney,& Marie
TUNE: Proud Mary

Coming home from a world con
Passing strange cars along the way
Til we met some fans
Fellow filkers
Side by side they were traveling our way
We rolled down the window yelled,"Hi!"
They threw some cookies by.

Chorus: (And we were) Filking, filking, filking down the freeway

Mundanes in cars trapped behind us
Couldn't understand what they saw going down
Chocolate chips a'flying
Oreos a'trying
They'll take another freeway next time they leave town.
"Good bye Colorado!"
Said the S.F. afficianado

Chorus

Can you imagine anything more daring
Than passing this filk song car to car
Going down the freeway at 60 miles per hour
Doesn't anyone have arms longer than me?
I keep on stretching and straining
Which ain't easy when it's raining

Chorus

Ran into a car from Utah
Joined up with a Datsun out of Reno too
Home bound from Den-Vention
Gathered much attention
Got ourselves a "Con" voy so what will we do?
A world con bid would be great
For the I-5 in '88

Chorus

TULLY & ICE

WORDS: Mary Kay Jackson
TUNE: Ring of Fire.

Filk is a scary thing
When you're caught in a bardic ring
Drunk on Tully-Dew
Who knows just what you may do.

Chorus I fell into a vicious den of vice
It weren't poker cards
Nor yet it weren't the dice
It was songs, songs, songs,
With Tully and Ice; Tully and Ice

I walked into a con
My sense of hearing's gone.
I fell for it fast and hard:
Ahh--Just to be a Bard!

WHEN THE MILLENIUM FALCON LEAVES FOR ALDERAAN

WORDS: Anne Wilson
TUNE: When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam',
from the film "Easter Parade"

When the Millenium Falcon leaves for Alderaan,
I'll be right there, I've got my fare
When I see that crazy smugglin' pirate Han,
I'll grab him by the collar, and I'll holler
Alderaan, Alderaan!
That's where we've got to go
Kenobi told me so,
That's all I need to know
Bet I won't delay, hey--
I'll be waiting for the day
When I hear Han Solo say
All aboard, all aboard, all aboard for Alderaan!

BE A DROID

WORDS: Anne Wilson TUNE: Be a Clown

Be a droid, be a droid
All the world loves a droid
Joints that squeak, eyes that glow
You'll be loved wherever you go.
Simply fuss and complain,
And you'll never worry again
If you become a Dark Lord folks will view you with dread
And if you join the Empire they'll be glad when you're dead
But speak a little Bocci and they'll buy you instead!
Be a droid, be a droid, be a droid!

THE BANTAM COCK

Am E Am E
'Twas a grand, upstanding bantam cock,
Am Em E
So brisk and stiff and spry;
Am ~~E7~~ Dm
With springy step and jaunty plume,
Am E
And a purposefull look in his eye;
Am E7 Am
In his little black blinking eye, he had!

I took him to the coop, and
I introduced him to my seventeen wide-eyed hens
He tupped, and he tupped, to the hayloft top
Then he bowed to them all from the waist and then
He upped and he tupped them all again, he did.

And then upon the peace of my ducks and geese
He rudely did intrude:
With glazed eyes and open mouths
They bore it all with fortitude;
And a little bit of gratitude, they did!

He jumped my giggling guinea-fowl
And forced his attentions upon
My twenty hysterical turkeys and
A visiting migrant swan
And the bantam took them all on, he did

He ravished my fantail pigeons and
My lily-white columbines,
And while I was locking up the budgerigar
He jumped my parrot from behind;
She was sitting on my shoulder at the time, she was!

Then all of a sudden, with a gasp and a gulp
He clapped his hands to his head;
Lay flat on his back with his toes in the air:
My bantam cock lay dead!
And the buzzards circled overhead, they did!

What a champion brute, what a noble fowl,
What a way to live and die!
I was digging him a grave to save his bones
From the hungry buzzards in the sky,
When the bantam opened up a sly little eye.

He gave me a smile and a terrible wink, the way that rapists do:
"Do you see them great daft buggers up there?
They'll be down in a minute or two!
They'll be down in a minute or two, they will!"

THE STAR TREK CONNECTION

WORDS: Barney Evans
TUNE: The Rainbow Connection

Why are there so many fans of Star Trek?
And what's there about it's Cons
Star Trek's a vision
Of our New Future
And Star Trek has plenty inside
So we've been told and some choose to believe it
I know they're right wait and see
Someday we'll find it
The Star Trek Connection.....
The Vulcans, the Romulans and Me

Who said that every fan
Would be heard and answered
When dreaming about their show.

Somebody thought of it
And someone believed it
Look what it's done so far
What's so amazing, that keeps us Con going
And what do you think we might find
Someday we'll make it
The Star Trek Universe
The Humans, the Andorians and Me

Let's get under it's spell
We know that it's probably magic

Have you been half asleep
And heard voices
I've heard them calling my name
Is this the sweet sound
That calls the young Trekkies
The voice might be one and the same
I've heard it too many times to ignore it
It's something I'm going to be
Someday we'll find it
The Star Trek Connections
The Klingons, The Tellerites and Me.....

Moonlight over Livermore

Words: Mike Roberts

Music: Jamaician Farewell

Down de way, where de rooskies pay
For the drinks you buy at de local bar
I meet a girl and she talk so strange
Then she smile at me and say we could go far

And I'm glad to say that I'm happy for
To be living here in sunny Livermore
And I hope that they will never make me leave
Because what the rooskies offer me you won't believe

On any weekend you can go
Down to this fancy ranch house that I know
The girls there are very nice
And the things you tell them are half de price

(chorus)

There is a man I know in town
He teach me just how I can bring computer down
So any file I think is keen
Can go from Photostore to the G Machine

So if your program is Classified
You'll surely get your data, + so will I

(chorus)

I lose my badge the other day
The rooskies make me new one right away
It saves me time and hassle, see?
I never have to talk to security

(chorus)

I say I like photography
The rooskies give me cameras and film for free
The cameras they are tiny things
Of course I only use them for backpacking

(chorus)

My friends they ask how I come to be
Living so well on my lab salary
I tell them that it's not so queer
A rich uncle dies, ohh, every year

(chorus)

Down the way where the clothes are gray
And the guards are watching me breaking rock
I'm serving time for my years of crime
But my rooskie friends are in my cell block

(chorus)

The Murderous Little Toy

When I was just a wee little lad, my Daddy brought to me
A toy he made down at the Lab; it filled me full of glee
A wonder to behold it was, with many buttons bright
From the moment that I turned it on, it filled us all with fright

It went ZAP when it fired, it cursed when it missed, and whir as it took aim
It didn't know if we were friend or foe, but it attacked us just the same

Well, curiousity killed the cat, and the dog was next to go
The parakeet beat a fast retreat, as the wall began to glow
A turret turned, some bullets fired, and the TV was no more
My friends you should have seen it as the napalm hit the floor

(chorus)

It broke each window down the hall, and then I heard it laugh
I must admit I chuckled when it cut my brother in half
My sister made it to the stairs, when it caught her in the pants
My Daddy had the shotgun out but he didn't stand a chance

(chorus)

It lobbed two morters at the wall, and when the smoke had cleared
I looked all around for my murderous toy, but it had disappeared
Then I saw it leave through watered eyes, the tear-gas smelled so sweet
Things weren't too good for the neighborhood, as it ambled down the street

(chorus)

Well that's the last that I ever saw of my Murderous Little Toy
It might be dead but I hope it's not, 'cause it filled me full of joy
They say it reached the Bearing Straights, and crossed the icy flows
The Russian Army aint killed it yet but it keeps them on their toes

(chorus)

Well, the years have gone too quickly now, and I've my own little boy
And just last night I told him 'bout my Murderous Little Toy
I recognized his crafty look, I could almost read his mind
My son has grown up like his dad, 'cause he wants one just like mine

(chorus)

Words: Mike Roberts Music: The Marvelouse Little Toy, Peter, Paul, and Mary

The Larry's Rad Lab Song

(with appologies to Alan Sherman)

Words: Mike Roberts

Hello Muddah, hello Dear-Dad
Here I am at, Larry's Rad Lab
This place has a nice appearance
And they say it's fun here once you get your clearance

All the buildings, are well guarded
Every mo rning, you get carded
Once my badge fell, down the crapper
They had frogmen in the sewer tryin' to trap her

Take me home, dear Muddah and Dad
Take me home, I hate the Rad Lab
Don't leave me, out in the desert where, I'll die, from radioactive glare
Take me home, I promise I will make no bombs
Nor put line voltage to Dad's proms
Oh please don't tell me "No", I fear, I'll soon begin to glow

Bomb designers, never tire
Of the thrill they, get from fire
Just last friday, Harry Spinnet
Set his house ablaze with everybody in it

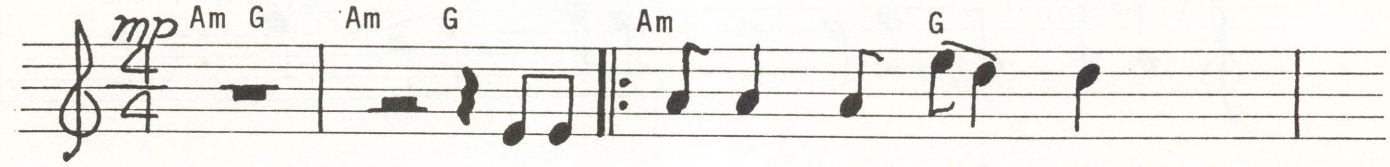
You remember, Freddy Dwyer
He was down-hole, when it fired
It's a fluke we, could detect him
But he showed up on the gamma output spectrum

(chorus)

Hello Muddah, hello Dear-Dad
That's not sunshine, that's the Rad Lab
They were out at sight three hunderd
Had a bomb out there I guess they must've blundered

Wait a minute, night's returning
The fireball has, finished burning
Guess I'm safe now, gee that's better
Muddah Dear-Dad kindly disregard this letter

The Isle of Time



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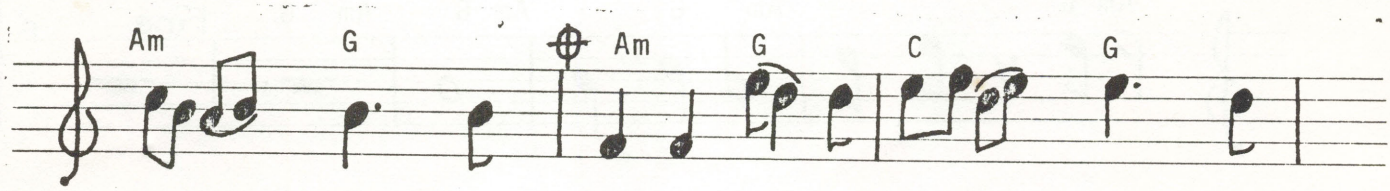
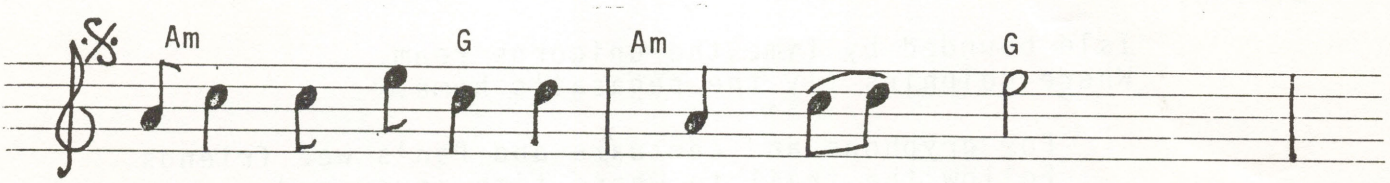
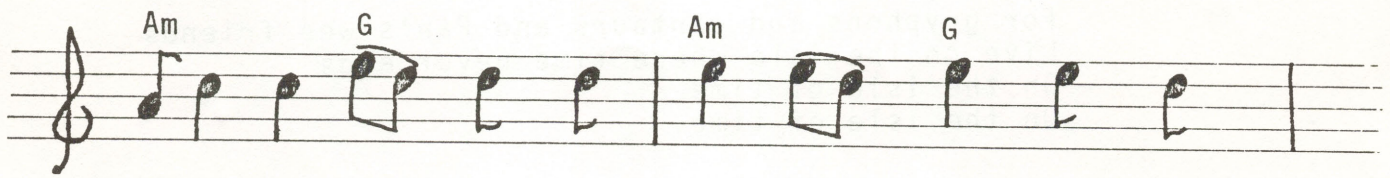


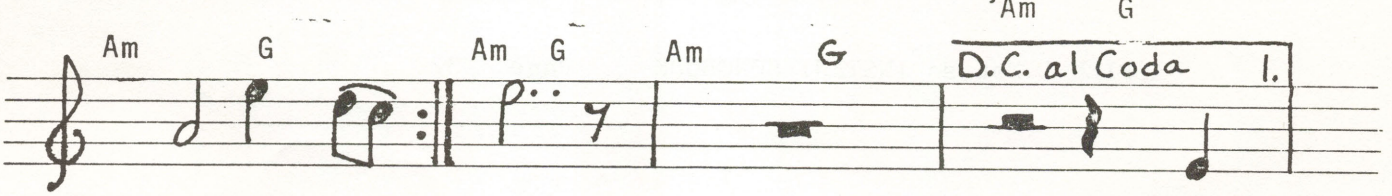
unicorns roam where dolphins fly the pegasai's home. For
dragon's own fort



gryphons and centaurs and Pan's wee friends
gryphons and centaurs and Pan's wee friends



follow the trail to where time never ends, on the
live on the isle where time never ends, to the



isle of time. The

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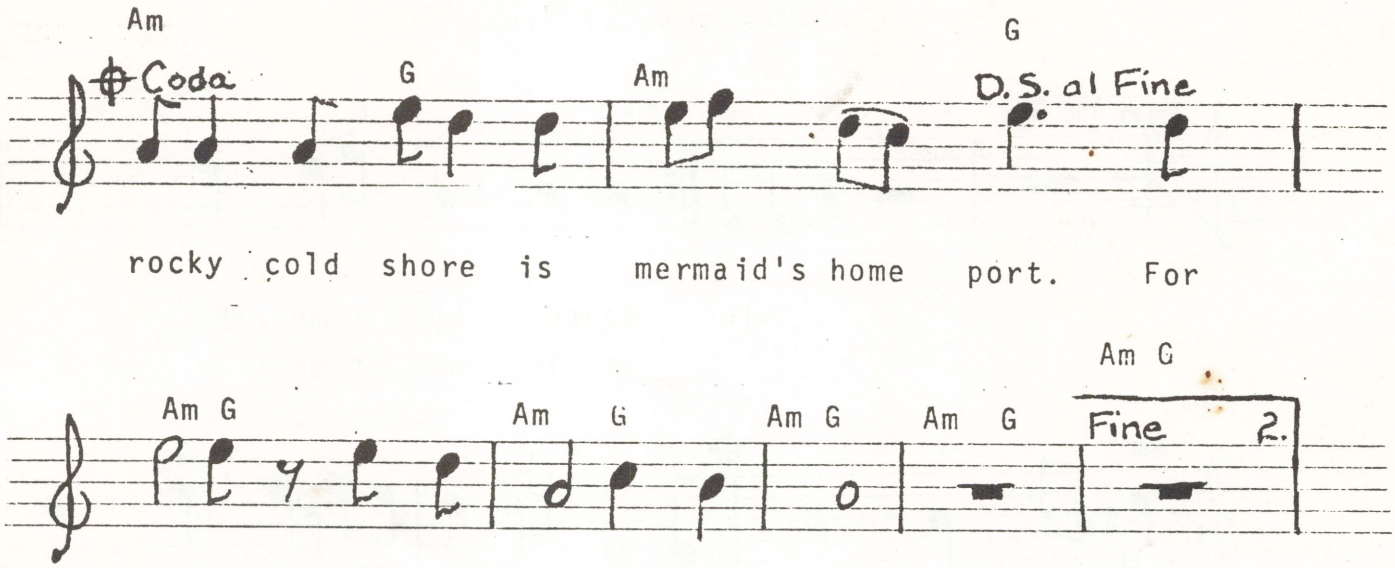
Isle of Time 2



LYRICS:

Isle bounded by time,the unicorns roam.
Where dolphins fly the pegasai's home.

For gryphons and centuars and Pan's wee friends
Follow the trail to where time never ends
To the isle of time.

The isle of time is dragon's own fort.
The rocky cold shore is mermaid's home port.

For gryphons and centaurs and Pan's wee friends
Live on the isle where time never ends
On the isle of time.
On the isle of time.

OBI WAN

WORDS:Rebecca Long
Tune: Billy Boy

Oh, where are you now, Obi Wan, Obi Wan?
Oh, where are you now, Obi Wan?
I'm now incorporeal life; it's a life that's without strife
It's a living that's different from all others

Can you help a young Jedi, Obi Wan, Obi Wan?
Can you help a young Jedi, Obi Wan?
I can help a young Jedi, hit the Death Star's small bullseye
It's a living that's different from all others.

Is Darth really Luke's dad, Obi Wan, Obi Wan?
Is Darth really Luke's dad, Obi Wan?
I won't tell you but you'll see- when you go see Star Wars III
It's a living that's different from all others.

Can you talk with old Yoda, Obi Wan, Obi Wan?
Can you talk with old Yoda, Obi Wan?
I can talk with old Yoda, though he sounds like he's from H.A.*
It's a living that's different from all others.

Oh, what did Yoda say, Obi Wan, Obi Wan?
Oh, what did Yoda say, Obi Wan?
He said there was another, who could be anyone and his brother
It's a living that's different from all others.

*H.A. Henson Associates